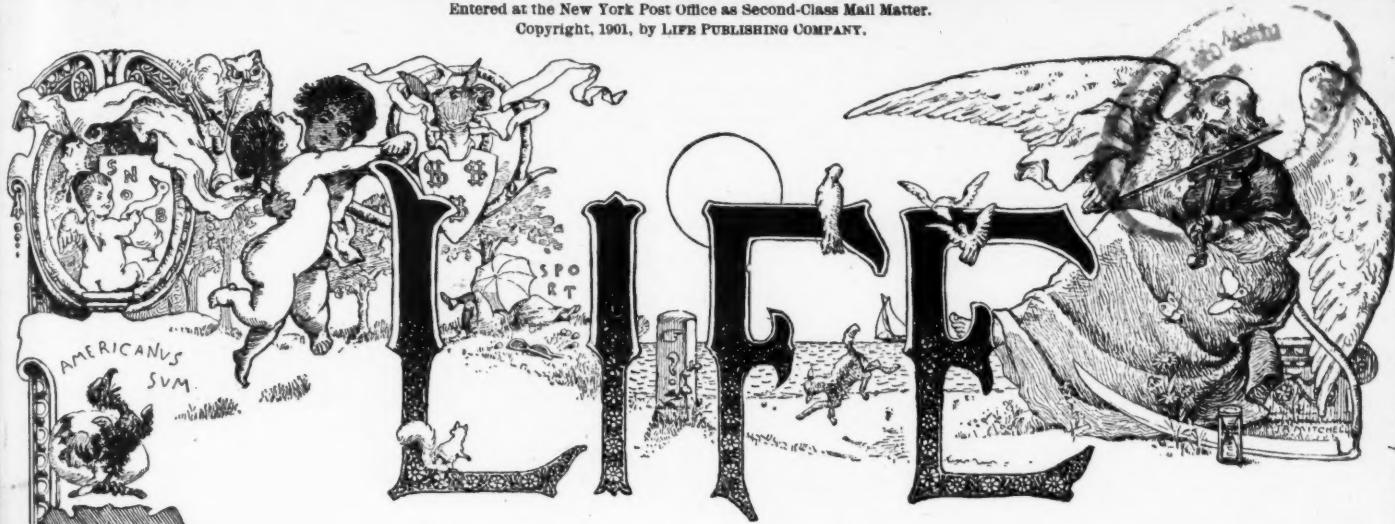


VOLUME XL.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 28, 1902.

NUMBER 1035.

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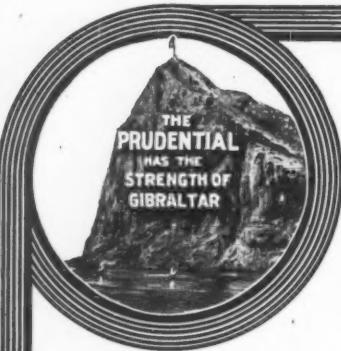
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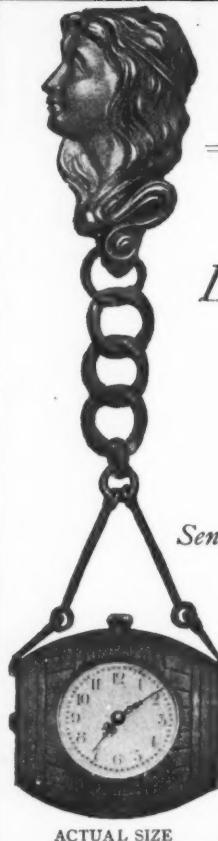
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LIFE

Popular Fiction.

A DAB or two of history,
A fragile thread of plot,
Great gobs of talk and love and gore—
The rest, it matters not.

Wonders.

AT forty-two Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons boasts of being a healthy old man.

Only a few centuries ago, a man had to live to be a hundred and read fine print without glasses in order to be a wonder; but now, a man of forty who can digest his food without the help of drugs is a wonder.

As the Sacred Writ has it,
"wonders never cease."

Monkeying With the Buzz-Saw.

THE academic authorities at the University of Chicago have finally decided, it is announced, to segregate the young women students from the young men students.

Oxygen and hydrogen occur naturally together. They may be separated, but when they are separated, at the merest touch of fire, they unite with a violent explosion. And nature is full of analogies.

But after all, explosions are often good advertising.

Monarchs.

THE kings manifested great cordiality as they met, the Kaiser kissing Mr. Morgan on both cheeks, and Mr. Morgan letting him.

Mr. Morgan wore the uniform of a German admiral, and the Kaiser the seersucker suit of a captain of industry.

At parting the Kaiser ordered a salute of fifty guns to be fired by the fleet, while Mr. Morgan directed that all securities on the Berlin Bourse be bulled one point.

—
NOBODY knows what love is until it is returned.

Henry: I DO WISH WE HAD AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA, AMELIA.

"WELL, I DON'T. IF WE HAD ONE, HENRY, YOU'D GET FULL OF INFORMATION, AND BE DULLER THAN YOU ARE NOW."





"While there is Life there's Hope."

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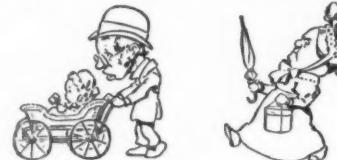
SECRETARY
S H A W

has tried faithfully to make the path of the returning traveler through the Custom House somewhat less thorny, and we are all obliged to him for his efforts. They have not been in vain, though so long as the law stands as it does at present the average traveler will continue to have sorrows. The Secretary has bestirred himself to induce courtesy and reasonable consideration in the New York customs officials, and to abate vexations technicalities. He has ruled that the hundred dollars' worth of foreign-bought effects, which a traveler may bring in duty-free, may include almost any article which is intended for the traveler's personal use. Not clothes alone are exempt under the hundred-dollar limit. The traveler, apparently, may bring in a watch if it is for his own use, though not a dozen watches. He may not bring in a box of champagne duty-free, but he might scrape through with a bottle or two. All the details of the traveler's privilege are not clear yet, and there has been some troublesome misapprehension as to what is dutiable and what is not, but the Secretary has shown very clearly his disposition to give the traveler the very best treatment the law allows. Persons who have to pay more duties than they

think is right must look for their remedy nowadays in a change in the tariff laws. All that the Treasury Department can do for them is being done. It may not be very much, but such as it is it is appreciated.



THE President's order retiring General Jacob Smith was probably for the good of the service, but without finding fault with it one may still sympathize with General Smith. The papers at this writing report that he is down with a fever, that his nerves are in a bad way, and that his friends are concerned about him. It is also reported that he means to fight the President's order retiring him, on the ground that the President has no power to increase a punishment ordered by a court martial. If he can beat the order, so be it; it is a fair game for him, though the odds are against him. But however that may be, the General may comfort himself with the thought that he does not stand ill with the mass of his countrymen. He was set to do very difficult work. He certainly did it with all his might, and effectually. What he said was imprudent and made a great scandal, and furnished an excuse for Major Waller's atrocities. His indiscretions of language were very grave, and not to be lightly considered in an officer in his position. It was right that his fault should have been brought home to him. But, after all, there is a feeling that he did a lot of hard work and suffered grievous things, and earned a better reward than it was proper to give him.



DR. E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS, the erstwhile advocate of free silver, is on a safer tack when he advocates marriage. He has been giving a series of lectures in the University of Chicago. Precisely what he has said is not yet known, for his lectures have not been published, but so far as one can judge from the Chicago dispatches—which are particularly untrustworthy as to all that relates to

the doings of the University of Chicago—he has expressed strong disapprobation of unmarried persons generally and especially of bachelors. He feels that bachelors are a menace to society wherever they occur. He is quoted as saying that the world was made for the family and not for the individual, and that the unmarried individual of marriageable age has no place in society nor in the scheme of the universe.



IN the main Dr. Andrews' contention is sound enough. For year by year the great American cities more and more abound in bachelors. Their lairs stand many stories high on all the best streets. They are not merely tolerated but indulged and courted.

As for the spinsters, there are too many of them, too, but one blames them less because it is not their part to take the initiative. They ought to be courted early and often, and gently coerced into matrimony. Most of them are courted, and, first or last, have reasonably good chances to marry. That they do not more readily embrace such opportunities is chiefly the fault of American parents, who think nothing is too good for their daughters, and that the common lot is not nearly good enough. The daughters of fairly well-to-do families, after being carefully schooled, are introduced at nineteen or twenty to a world in which their chief concern is to wear good clothes, make calls, go out to various entertainments and amuse themselves. Some of them get tired of that sort of life and are ready to quit it when anything better offers. But a good many of them like it, and though they may not be theoretically averse to marriage, they are indisposed to too much domesticity, and shy of any marriage which does not promise a continuance of good clothes, leisure and amusement. The consequence is that the bachelors who want to marry these girls go on being bachelors until the habit becomes fixed on them, and the girls themselves go on being spinsters.



WALKING THE PLANK.
A REVIVAL OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

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In memory of Peg.....	5.00
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Proceeds of an opera by the children of Youngstown, Ohio.....	4.00
In loving memory of G. M. B.....	25.00
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A. W. T.....	200.00
G. P. R.....	5.00
In memory of Louise M. C.....	50.00
	\$6,570.71

OUR thanks to Messrs. Chatland and Lenhart, Brownsville, Penn., from whom we have received twelve (12) barrels of crackers for the children at LIFE'S Farm.

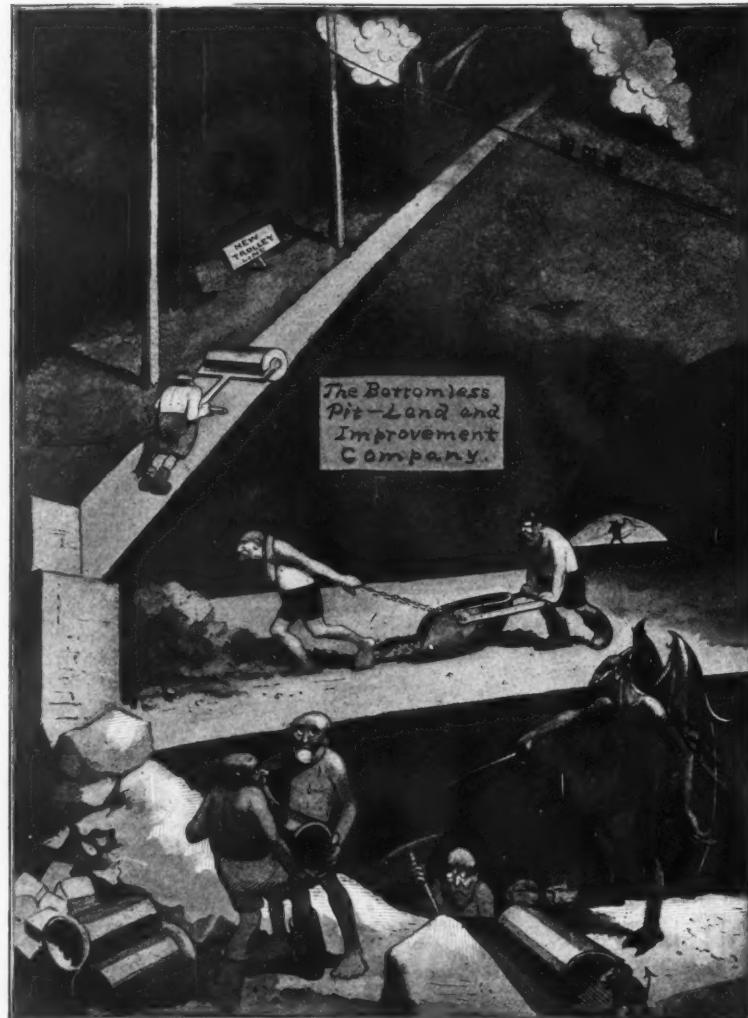


HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES has abandoned the calories of erotic analysis for the cooler pastures of historical romance, and *Hearts Courageous* is a well written, pleasantly effervescent example of that much abused style. Unhappily the romantic possibilities of Revolutionary Virginia have been rather thoroughly exploited, and Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson and Washington himself are becoming *persona non grata* at the court of fiction. (The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

George Cary Eggleston, the author of *Dorothy South*, is a firm believer in the perfection of "the good old days." The re-



"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE."



SNAPSHOTS IN HADES.

THE OLD FOGIES WHO CONTINUALLY OPPOSE MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENTS.

sult is that his picture of Virginia before the war is almost too Utopian to seem quite possible to us of a later birth. It is, however, a very charming idealization. (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

In the Days of Giants is another of Miss Abbie Farwell Brown's attractive books for children. It contains some sixteen stories from the Norse Mythology, and the doings of Thor and Baldi and Loki and the rest of those delightfully naive and ingenuous godlings lend themselves to the purpose as the intrigues of the blasé Olympians never could. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.10.)

And, speaking of Olympus, John Kendrick Bangs gives a very amusing account of the life of the gods in modern times in *Olympian Nights*. Mr. Bangs is always a humorist, and sometimes he is humorous. This is one of the times, and *Olympian Nights* classes with *The House-Boat on the Styx*. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)

We would call attention to a new volume in the *English Men of Letters* series, edited by John Morley. *George Eliot*, by Leslie Stephen, is a biography only in so far that the author's works are reviewed and analyzed in relation to the influence exerted upon their conception by her life and ideals. Mr.

Stephen's literary opinions are always interesting, and this is no exception. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.00.)

Charlotte, by L. B. Walford, is the heart history of an English coquette. It is evidently intended to carry a moral for flippant young persons who do not know their own minds, but neither flippant young persons nor their betters are likely to hunt morals in so prosy a jungle. (Longmans, Green and Company.)

Lenox and the Berkshire Highlands, by R. De Witt Mallary, is a sort of guide-book *de luxe*. It contains chapters upon the history of the region, upon Hawthorne, Miss Sedgwick and lesser literary lights associated with Lenox, and upon the summer resort of to-day, for the frequenters of which it is chiefly intended. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

"HE'S a good judge of horse flesh, isn't he?"

"Splendid, but a little slow. He always picks a winner after the race is over."



Tourist: WHY, YOU SCOUNDREL! I HIRED YOU TO PROTECT ME FROM HIGHWAYMEN, AND NOW THE FIRST CHANCE YOU GET YOU ROB ME YOURSELF.

Guide: BUT, PARTNER, I WARNED YOU WHAT A DANGEROUS NEIGHBORHOOD THIS IS.

Chesterfield Sandbag to His Son.

MY DEAR BOY: This is a country of laws, not men. In a land where there is so much law there is no excuse for getting outside of it; such conduct is as unwise as uncomfortable, since outside the law means inside the jail—if you don't know the district attorney. Smash the Decalogue if you will, but spare me the anguish of seeing you a law-breaker.

Don't waste time acquiring a trustworthy character; strive to be a trustee in a trust. Remember the first necessity for opportunity to annex wealth is a reputation for honesty; when you are known as Honest Jack Jones or Honest Tom Brown the widow and the orphan will flock to your business center and cast their burdens on you. Never descend to retail business; it is hazardous, vulgar and unworthy of a magnate. The prisons are congested with mere retail rascals, while the free-handed wholesalers of the trusts are flattered, honored and at large. The retailers merely make work for judges and attorneys; the wholesalers make and work these priests of the law.

The distribution of the rake-off is called philanthropy and generosity, and to be effective must be done in wholesale fashion. Morgan and Rockefeller give away millions, and churches and uni-

versities call their names blessed. Recall the mere retailer. The late lamented Richard Turpin of England was a gentleman of generous instincts, an expert separator, and a firm believer in the gold standard; but he was a mere retailer. He was lavish in a small way with his guineas and shillings, and while he may have pleased the vulgar, every self-respecting church and university scorned his trivial methods of trying to placate that ineradicable contempt for retail larceny which beats in the Anglo-Saxon breast.

The portraits of our honored trust magnates hang in the halls of fame; the original of Turpin hung on Tyburn Hill. The lesson, my son, to be gleaned from these historic instances is that law must be respected and retail business abjured.

Joseph Smith.

"PAPA, what is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?"

"Oh, all the way from ten thousand dollars to a million a year."

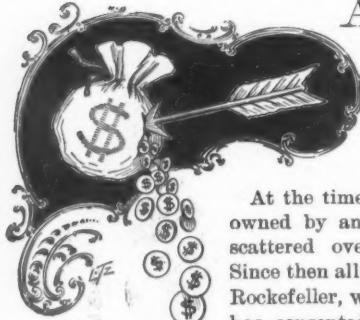
IF at first you don't succeed, write to Andrew Carnegie.



She: THERE GOES A LUCKY YOUNG MAN. SOME PHILANTHROPIST SENT HIM THROUGH COLLEGE.
 "THAT'S NOTHING. I'VE BEEN THROUGH COLLEGE."
 "YES, BUT HE GOT HIM A JOB AS CARPENTER AFTERWARDS."

Life's Dictionary of International Biography.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.



A PROMINENT member of Wall Street, the Standard Oil Company, and the Baptist Church. This gentleman's life, from his boyhood, has been one long struggle against abject riches.

At the time of his birth, the earth was owned by an aggregation of individuals scattered over various portions thereof. Since then all has been changed. But Mr. Rockefeller, with characteristic generosity, has consented to share it with Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, Charles Schwab, Russell Sage and a few other parties of the first part who have the same disease that he has.

Mr. Rockefeller has always been noted for his Biblical leanings. He started out in life with the following motto, adapted for his own use :

"Let your light so shine before men, at twenty cents a gallon, that they may see your good works, and glorify the continually increasing dividends."

In other words, he does not believe in hiding one's light under a bushel, but thinks it should be put on a barrel.

Beginning in life as a poor boy, owning at that time only the city of Cleveland, he started to Chicago, and having seen that Professor Triggs was furnished with a solid brass phonograph, he left that city where it was, for which it has ever since been duly grateful, and came on to New York, where he created the now famous part of "Foxy Grandpa."

Since then he has been living a quiet, frugal life, surrounded only by his friends and family and hair-restorer men, and by exercising the utmost care, has been able to save up enough to live uncomfortably. He has not only made hay while the sun shone, but while the oil lamps held out to burn.

His favorite occupations are : Cutting coupons by electricity, not doing any harm by giving away money, and holding his own.

Principal works : "A Tank Drama," "Oil on the Troubled Waters," and "How I Set the World on Fire."

Tom Masson.

Education.



STONISHING advancement is being made in methods of school instruction. It can't be long, now, until a complete education is a mere matter of taking a pill at night before retiring, or two pills at the outside in the case of very dull persons.

In the meanwhile we are likely to have learned one thing, viz.: whether an education that's easy to get is worth getting.

Gauged.

NOOD : I must break away. Have an appointment with my wife.

TODD : And she probably won't be there.

"Yes, I figure she will just about be there. I'm two hours late."

The Meagre-Minded Man.

A BALLAD OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

JOHN HAWKINS was a common man who married Mary Brown, A cheerful, optimistic maid of simple Boston town ; John thought his happiness secure in making this alliance, And it jarred him when he learned his wife went in for Christian Science.

When winter brought bronchitis dread with its pneumatic woes, And John developed rasping tubes, a red and strenuous nose, He called in Dr. Gallipot, who ordered pills and potions, A plaster for his spine and chest, and various kinds of lotions.

His cheerful wife, Bostonian-like, without procrastination, Explained to John bronchitis was a mental aberration ; Though Gallipot meant well he still was crude, experimental, With theories fallacious and errors fundamental ;

Disease was but a figment of the human mind disordered ; When people fancied they were ill, on lunacy they bordered. So Mary chucked his nostrums and secured him absent treatment From a Christian Science healer, a professor of dead-beatment.

John loved his wife, and yet he felt her theories were tenuous ; He knew his eyes were red and raw, his tubes were dry and strenuous.

When spring came John had been reduced to great emaciation, A subject for his kin's alarm, his friend's commiseration.

His friends gave him advice which was emphatic, if informal ; They recommended change and rest with Nature sane and normal. So lean and languid John went out into the districts rural, Since Nature's healing balm is best in places extra-mural.

There free from care and science and the healer's baleful glance The bronchial Hawkins ceased to bronk with summer's warm advance ;

And Mary, cheerful Mary, his recovery defined As a splendid vindication of the Christian Science Mind.

One fatal day John walked along the highway by the mead And came, somewhat abruptly, on an auto making speed ; "There's an absent-minded beggar," quoth the wag on the machine,

As he scattered Mr. Hawkins on the circumambient green.

Mary gathered up the fragments in her pretty Boston basket, And had them all assembled in a handsome oaken casket ; Though a toe or two were missing and an ear she failed to find, That simply proved her statement as to John's imperfect mind.

And though he's dead and buried with a boulder on his breast, The Christian Science lady holds he's only gone to rest ; And though Hawkins lies securely in his everlasting bed, He is not dead, sweet Mary says, he only *thinks* he's dead.

Joseph Smith.

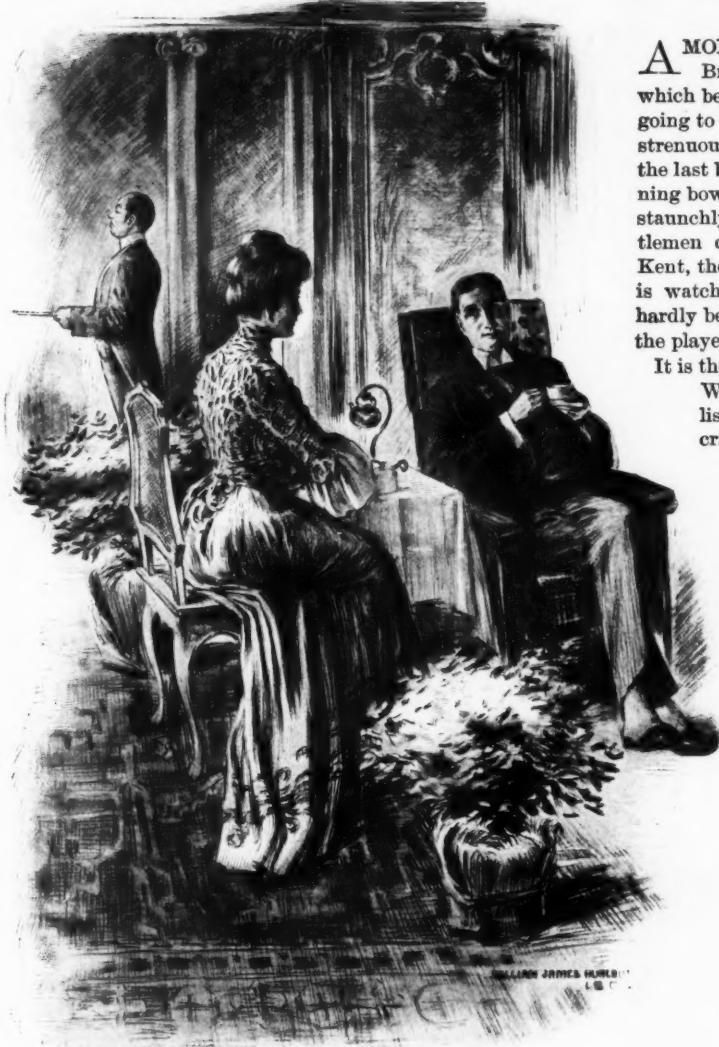
The Needle's Eye.

HE has gone abroad to be baptized in the River Jordan, taking his pastor along with him."

"And does that facilitate his entrance into heaven ?"

"Well, it will probably make him quite a bit poorer, you know."

UNTIL they can sit together silent without embarrassment men are not friends.



AFTERNOON TEA.

She: IT'S UNUSUAL FOR YOU NOT TO BE AT BUSINESS IN THE AFTERNOON, ISN'T IT?
He: BUT THIS IS BUSINESS.

Mirage.

METHOUGHT I read within her eyes
 Rare and irradiant prophecies.
 Methought upon her brow I saw
 A high devotion without flaw.
 Methought I marked behind her smile
 Her heart, a haven void of guile.
 'Twas Love's mirage. One day I knew
 That I had dreamed, and naught was true. Clinton Scollard.

AN old London omnibus driver was standing beside his 'bus one day, when he was approached by a very comely young woman, who evidently wished to ascend to the outside seats on top, but hesitated for fear she could not make the difficult ascent with becoming modesty. The driver, evidently understanding the dilemma, shook his head and said: "Climb up, miss; don't mind me, legs ain't no treat to me."

A Great Game.

AMONG the festivities held in England in honor of the British victory at Waterloo was a game of cricket which began August 15, 1815, the Gentlemen of West Britain going to the wickets at that date. The game has been waging strenuously ever since, and on the 15th of August this year the last batter of the West Britons went down before the cunning bowling of the old Earl of Flubhurst, who has stood up staunchly to his work all these years. The score of the Gentlemen of West Britain was 9,416,218. The Gentlemen of Kent, the opposing team, are now at the bat, and all England is watching the result breathlessly, though the game will hardly be finished until the middle of the present century, if the players survive.

It is the contemplation of this historic game, in which Lord Wicketmere made a score of 129,615, that makes Englishmen sniff at the suggestion of Mr. Grace, the famous cricketer, that cricket should be made to approximate the snap and go of American baseball, and that no game should last longer than two months. Mr. Grace, we fear, is an iconoclast, who has little reverence for the sacred traditions of his country. He should, and will be, turned down.

SHE: So you lost all your money in speculation?

THE URGENT CASE: Yes'm.

"But, beside that, didn't you have any legitimate business?"

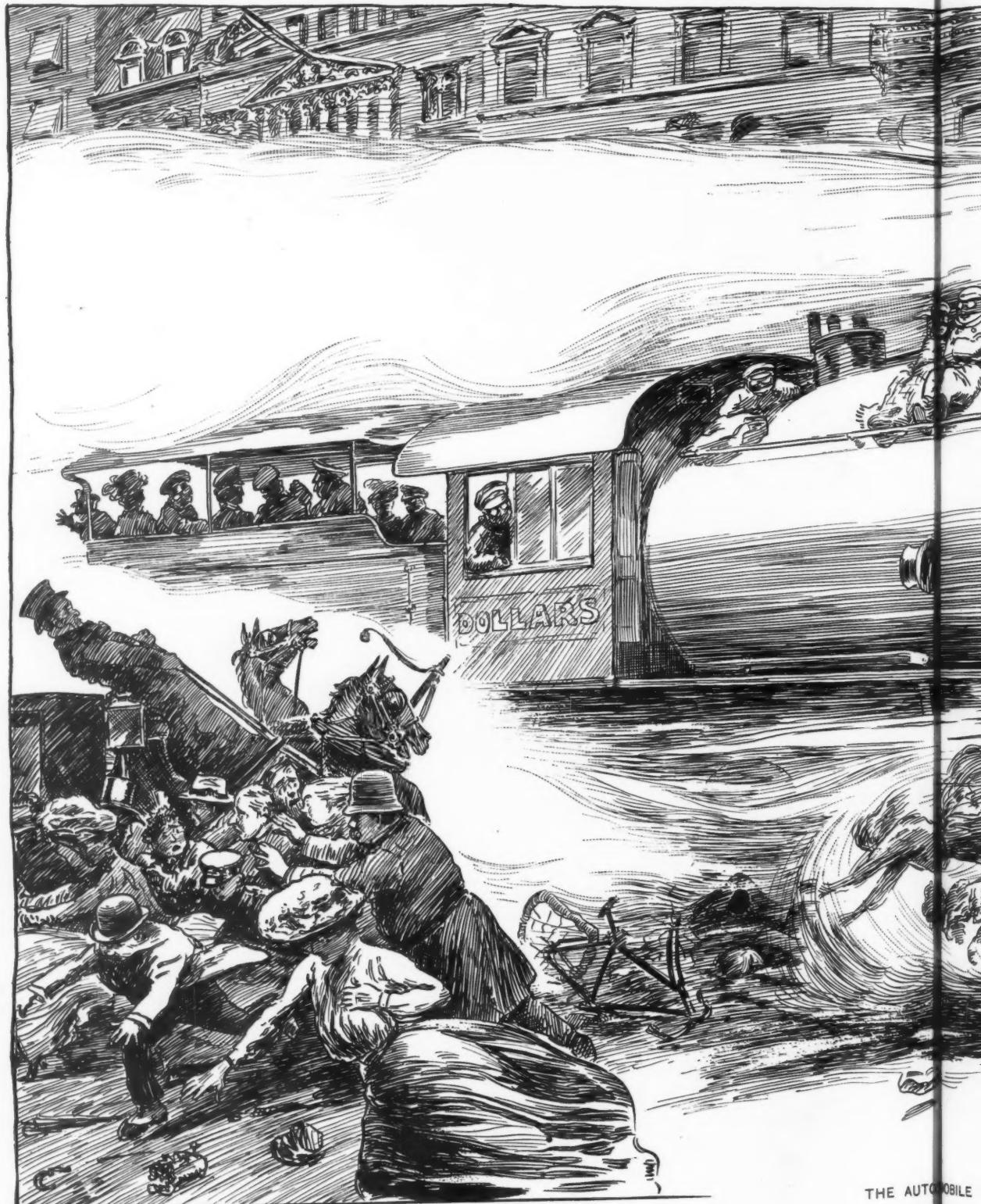
"Oh, yes. I was a dealer in straight tips."

BRIGGS: What's your idea of heaven?

GRIGGS: Well, it's the way a man feels the first three days after he is home from a summer vacation.



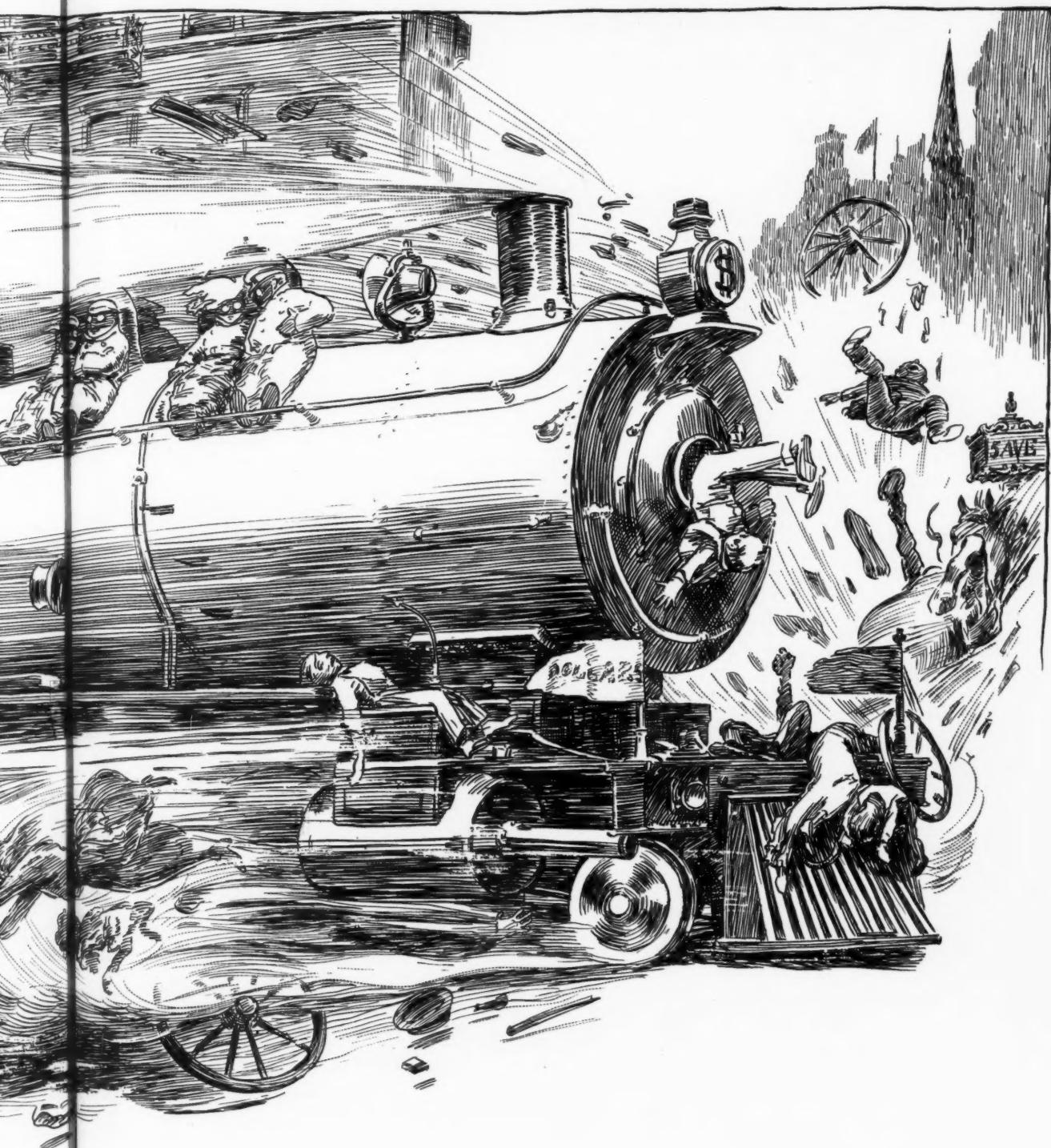
She: DINNY, OI THINK FOLKS IS LOOKIN' AT US.
 "SURE, AN' THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE BUYIN' THE PAPER FOR."



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THE AUTOMOBILE
ALONG ANY AMERICAN

•LIFE•



THE AUTOMOBILE IN 1903.
ALONG ANY AMERICAN HIGHWAY.

Rembrandt Peale 1903

A BIG FISH STORY.



How to Find a Husband.



EXITS "I DIDN'T do anything—he did it all," a very amiable young lady whom I know answered when she announced to me her engagement and I asked her how she did it. In this she is mistaken, because when congenial souls are brought together

friendships are apt to be formed which lead, in many instances, to very happy partnerships for life to which both contribute.

If I were not married, and lived in a city where the women were in the majority, as they certainly are in New York (about two hundred thousand more women, I think, in the city than men), I would not stay in New York. God has provided a mate for each one of us; it is a popular fallacy that there are more women in the world than men, but this is not true—the census of the world shows that there are more male children born than female, and in the United States, according to the last census, there are two million (2,000,000) more men than women. Wise Providence, in providing a mate for each one, did not intend that we should live singly. As the home is the foundation of the nation, and on its purity and strength depends the nation's welfare, much more than on its armies, it is the absolute duty of every woman to find a mate—at least meet him half-way, even if she deludes herself with the belief, as the young lady just stated to me, that "he" did it all. There are many States in the Union where men are greatly in the majority, especially in the middle West. I have, in traveling in the West, met many bachelors (in fact, four old bachelors in our family), and when I asked them why they did not marry, they said that the women in the West were so hard to find, and those who were left over they did not care to take as their wives. So why commit suicide or grieve if you find that the man who has asked you to marry him is not worthy of you? Do not marry with the idea of reforming him, for this very seldom happens, but send to Washington for a census bulletin, which the Government

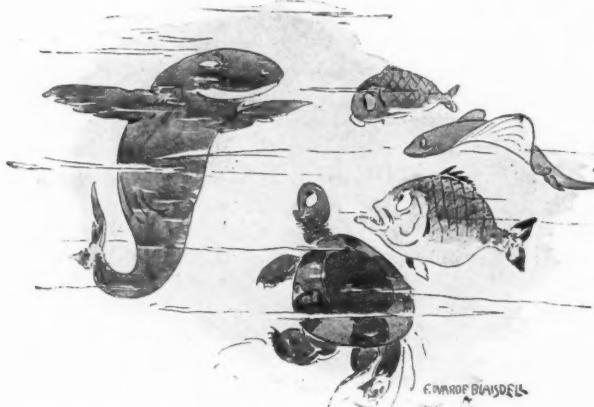




Smith (who has been "nerving himself up" for the event): GREAT CESAR'S GHOST! HOW MANY OF 'EM ARE BOYSH?

furnishes free of charge, find the State where the men are greatly in the majority, remove there, and you will soon, if you are a good and amiable woman, be asked to marry, or "find a husband"; this much at least you can do: create the opportunity. He will do the rest.

Florence Clinton Sutro.



Shark (relating the incident): 'PON MY HONOR, GENTLEMEN, HE WAS AS LONG AS THAT.'

A Fatal Objection.

LABOR was wild. He found his work very hard, his head was swelled, and he didn't know his place, and he was unreasonable and violent; so they took him to the Social Reform Clinic and considered his case.

When he was stripped, an iron collar appeared imbedded in his neck, and Doctor Lord explained that many years ago, when Labor was a child of wandering habits, he had put the collar on him, and that it had never seemed to do him any harm. He said also that, anyhow, there was plenty of room for Labor outside of the collar.

Doctor Legis suggested compulsory arbitration to decide what was really Labor's place. Doctor Aetowier said: "I think that to shorten his days would lengthen his life." Doctor Malitia said that his system needed stimulation. "Now," said he, "if we could get him into a fight, so he wouldn't think about his own condition—"

Doctor Boness said a share in the profits of exploiting would do Labor good.

Doctor Status said an old age pension would help Labor very much if he lived long enough, but that if he should die sooner, what he needed was an Association for the Reduction of Funeral Expenses.

"A law against sweating," said Doctor Statute. "And against drinking," said Doctor Prohib; "if he didn't drink he wouldn't sweat." "And against gambling and other excitements," added Doctor Nosey. "Not forgetting," said Doctor Vigilant, "a law against immorality (of the cheaper grades)."

"Why not remove the iron collar?" asked an orderly.

"My friends," said Doctor Conservita, "we have had many excellent suggestions here to-day from my learned colleagues; all of which we will try again, if the patient can be kept quiet; but we are not here to consider the revolutionary theory of this Radical."

So they discharged the orderly. Labor had another fit that night and cut Doctor Conservita's throat.

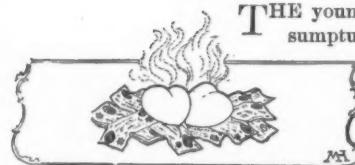
Bolton Hall.

"A TLAS must have been strong to have held the world on his shoulders."

"Yes, but I met a thin Boston girl the other day who was carrying Boston around with her wherever she went."

• LIFE •

A Modern Love Tale.



THE young multi-millionaire sat in his sumptuous office. At one elbow was a telephone. At the other was a ticker. In front was a system of push buttons. In a corner was a telegraph operator. In another was a

wireless receiver. By his side was his faithful secretary.

"Now, Mr. Quickly," he said, "look at the schedule, and tell me what I am to do in the next thirty minutes."

"You are to get married, sir," said Quickly.

"To whom?"

"That hasn't been decided."

"Ah, yes, I remember. I have been so busy that no selection has been made. Very well. Now get Newport, Lenox, lower California, London, Paris, and any other marriage mart and find a girl five feet three, not over twenty-five, with real blonde hair, weight one hundred and fifty, - and a father who is in the combine, if possible. Robinson's list of availables may help you."

In ten minutes the private secretary made his report.

"Here are five," he said.

His employer looked over the names.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "The market appears to be strong. Try number three. Bar Harbor, you say. Wait a minute."

He rang up Bar Harbor. In half a minute he was talking with Mr. Milton, owner of several States and Territories.

"Is it all right, old man?" he asked, finally.

"Certainly," was the reply. "How can I refuse anything to the man who helped us at a critical moment to keep up the price of bacon? Ethel is playing ping-pong."

The ardent suitor rang up the ping-pong table, and briefly stated his errand.

Two minutes were passed in explanations.

"Yes," was finally given.

Bishop Stumper was found at Richfield Springs. The combination phonograph and telephone was opened up for the ceremony. The bridegroom employed the slight delay to apologize to Ethel's partner for interrupting the game. It was all right.

"Now, Quickly," said the bridegroom, "tell 'em to get a gait on, as in fourteen minutes I've got to talk to the president of the Bean Trust."

The sonorous voice of the bishop was heard over the wire. The responses were firm and audible. The moment approached for the ring. Ethel's partner had volunteered to be best man.

"How stupid of me," said the groom. "Forgot that ring. Hold all the wires while I get the Bar Harbor jeweler. Ah, here you are. I'm Bloomer, of the Standard Air. Send a dozen wedding rings up to Miss Milton's ping-pong table, p. d. q. While you are about it, if you have any

old mine diamonds or pigeon blood rubies, or a necklace worth anything above a hundred thousand, send 'em along. Chase yourself! All the world's waiting."

Wedding rings and other trinkets were on hand in ten minutes and the ceremony proceeded.

In two minutes more it was completed.

"And now," said Bloomer, the groom, to his secretary, "shut off all the wires but my wife's, and make a memo to send the bishop a couple of thousand and some wine.— Ah, my dear, we are alone, at last. Sorry to hurry you, but business is business. I'll try and come on and see you in a month or so. In the meantime, pick out a few nice houses to live in or anything you may want and charge it to me. Hope I didn't spoil your game. See you later. Au revoir."

Turning to his secretary, he said:

"And now, Mr. Quickly, we'll talk with the president of the Bean Trust."

Tom Masson.

The Girl Market.

COMPLETE reports have not yet been received from all sections of the country, but from those already in hand it is evident that this year's market will be very active.

American Beauties are plentiful in Kentucky, Maryland and Tennessee, while "serials" and "perennials" are in abundance in all college towns throughout the country. "Widows" are strong, especially in the "grass" region, but the usual demand for this crop promises to keep prices high. "Divorcées" were never so plentiful, notably in South Dakota and Illinois; large quantities have already been shipped to New York and other eastern ports, where they are rapidly being absorbed. Dealings in "futures" in this commodity are heavy, especially in the theatrical line. Indications all point to an increased exchange with Europe in all branches, but especially in that desirable and hardy species known as the "heiress," which admits of transplanting to all climates and latitudes. A half-crown is the highest bid thus far recorded, but for the moment negotiations are at a standstill, as the offer was met by a "counter"-demand for a full crown; private dispatches, however, indicate the probability of an early acceptance of the original offer. Buying on margins has been inconsiderable, in view of the recent rapid fluctuations in price. During the week just passed two of Chicago's largest houses have been forced to suspend, owing to inability to deliver goods contracted for. It is thought, however, that with the assistance of friends they will eventually be enabled to resume business and deliver the goods as agreed.

Reports from our seaside and mountain-resort correspondents show large tradings, but were received too late for detailed consideration in this issue.

W. W. W.



Omar Khayyam.

(AN APPRECIATION.)

MAKER of tents, a strenuous thousand years
Have passed since thou didst love the cup
that cheers,
Yet we, who live in this progressive age,
Can know thy joys, thy doublings, and thy fears.

We see a thousand things thou couldst not
know,
A thousand "features" added to the show;
But when we search the dark beyond, like
thee
From that same door we enter, out we go.

Perchance thou knowest now, and so may we,
When this clay carcass sets its prisoner free.
This show is good ; no need for us to haste
Past the grim sentinel that holds the key.

Here's to thee, Omar, who hast gone before.
The mist is thick—we see no other shore ;
Then let us live the life we're here to live,
Know what we can, and ask for nothing more.

Still shifts the magic scenery of the play,
"Unborn to-morrow and dead yester-
day" ;
And, reading out our hearts between
thy lines,
We bare our reverent heads, and cry :
"O. K."

E. G. Bradbury.

LIFE.



THE patience of fishermen who really love the sport is the theme of many stories. One is told by a man who, traveling on foot through part of England, came upon a solitary fisherman, who looked as if time and the world might pass away without disturbing his content.

"Have you fished long in this stream?" asked the traveler.

"Eighteen year," was the calm response.

"Get many bites?" was the next question.

The fisherman scarcely turned his gaze from the rod in his hands.

"Five year ago in this very spot I had a fine bite," he answered, hopefully.—*Youth's Companion*.

A PHILADELPHIA member of the State Legislature was recently showing some Harrisburg friends around the City Hall and took them into Mayor Ashbridge's room. His Honor made himself very agreeable to the visitors, as is his wont, and had a hearty "Glad to have met you!" for them as they were departing. One of the strangers, much impressed by the Mayor's cordiality, lingered long enough to say:

"If you're ever up in our town, come to see me. I'll treat you right. You've never been to Harrisburg, have you?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the Mayor. "I spent two weeks there one afternoon."—*Philadelphia Times*.

SENATOR PERKINS says that once when he was a sailor, a tremendous storm came up, and it looked as if the vessel were doomed to go under. In the midst of the excitement a minister, who was one of the passengers, asked the captain if he could have prayers.

"Oh, never mind about the prayers," said the captain; "the men are swearing too hard to stop for prayers, and as long as you hear them swearing," added the captain, "there is no danger."

The minister went back to his cabin. A little while later, when the storm grew worse, the preacher went on deck to see what the sailors were doing. Then he went back to his wife.

"Thank God!" he said, fervently, "those men are still swearing."—*Argonaut*.

MARK TWAIN says that some years ago, when in the South, he met an old colored man who claimed to have known George Washington.

"I asked him," relates the humorist, "if he was in the boat when General Washington crossed the Delaware, and he instantly replied:

"'Lor', massa, I steered dat boat.'

"'Well,' said I, 'do you remember when George took the hack at the cherry-tree?'

"He looked worried for a minute, and then, with a beaming smile, said:

"'Why, suah, massa, I dun drove dat hack mahself.'

—*Exchange*.

GEORGE STICKNEY, who lives in Lancaster, N. H., is well known in Lewiston. He has a boy who is coming along like a three-year-old trotter under training. Mr. Stickney asked the Superintendent of Schools when it would be advisable to send the boy to school. The superintendent said that the fall term would be a good time, but advised Mr. Stickney to teach the lad that two and two make four and how the letters of the alphabet run before he let him out.

A short time afterward the superintendent met the boy and asked him if he knew his letters.

"Sure," said the boy.

"Well, sir, what is the first letter."

"A," was the answer.

"Correct," said the superintendent. "Now what comes after A?"

"All the rest of the push," said the boy.

—*Lewiston Evening Journal*.

THE following incident occurred at an entertainment in a large provincial town. On the programme a certain vocalist was down to sing "The Miner's Dream of Home," and to add special effect to the song he, having a friend a fireman at the fire station, about three minutes' walk from the hall, ran out and borrowed his topboots.

His turn on the programme came around. He appeared on the stage in all the glory of a blouse, slouch hat, white breeches and (the fireman's) topboots. His rendering of the song was a great success up to the middle of the second

verse, when a commotion was heard at the entrance of the hall. Then a hot and eager fireman forced his way through the audience up to the footlights and bawled out at the top of his voice:

"Bill, you've got to come out of them 'ere boots if you value your life. I'm called to a fire!"—*Tit-Bits*.

HARRY FURNISS tells of a testy but popular Scotch lecturer who, on a tour of the Lowlands, met a chairman so impressed with the importance of his office that in introducing the visitor he actually talked to the audience for an hour. The gathering, a very large one, bore it all patiently. This was the chairman's peroration:

"It is unnecessary for me to say more; so I call upon the distinguished gentleman who has come so far to give us his address to-night."

The gentleman who had come so far arose, stepped forward, bowed, pulled out and looked at his watch, and then said:

"You want my address. It is 322 Rob Roy Crescent, Edinburgh. A letter will find me there. Good night."

Saying which he left the stage and the hall before anybody could interpose.—*Philadelphia Times*.

MAYOR'S Secretary William P. Ryan was commenting yesterday on the way in which many illiterate persons seem to get along in the world. "The late William J. Carroll used to tell a good story along this line," said Mr. Ryan. "He had business connected with the collection of rents which used to take him to a certain place on the eastern shore at intervals. On one occasion he went into a store there, the proprietor of which could neither read nor write. While he was there a man came in who was evidently a regular customer.

"I owe you some money, don't I?" he said to the storekeeper.

"The latter went to the door and turned it around so that the back was visible.

"That's so," he replied; "you owe me for a cheese."

"A cheese?" replied the customer; "no, I don't."

The storekeeper looked at the door again.

"That's so," he said, "it's a grindstone. I didn't see the dot in the middle."—*Baltimore Sun*.

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William E. Metzger, 254 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Ralph Temple & Austrian Co., 293 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Fisher Automobile Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
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LIFE.



In response to a missionary's appeals for various articles for use on an African farm, a milking-stool was sent to him from England. He gave it to the negro, whose duty it was to milk the cows, with injunctions to use it. On the first day the negro returned home from the cow sheds, bruised and battered, but with an empty pail. When the missionary asked for an explanation, the negro replied:

"Milk stool very nice, massa, but she won't sit on it!"
—*Argonaut.*

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

RECENTLY a lithographic firm received a circular announcing the death of the head of a well-known business house. In reply they wrote:

"We regret to learn the loss sustained by your firm in the death of Mr. ——, and beg to express our heartfelt sympathy."

"We notice your circular is printed by Messrs. ——. We are confident that, had you asked us, we could have quoted you cheaper and better than any other firm in the market, and in the event of a future bereavement, we hope you will afford us an opportunity of making you an offer."
—*Tit-Bits.*

HOTEL CHAMBERLIN, Old Point Comfort, Va.

The privileges of Golf and Country Club extended visitors of the Hotel Chamberlin.

It was in the far South.

"How's times?" asked the tourist.

"Pretty tolerable, stranger," responded the old man, who was sitting on a stump. "I had some trees to cut down, but the cyclone leveled them and saved me the trouble."

"That was good."

"Yes; and then the lightning set fire to the brush pile and saved me the trouble of burning it."

"Remarkable! But what are you doing now?"

"Waiting for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground."—*Chicago News.*

It is a worthy object to arouse and stimulate a love for best reading. "The Story of the Greatest Nations" (published by F. R. Nigglisch, 39 East 19th St., New York), with upwards of 900 attractive illustrations of famous historical events and personages, will certainly fulfill a long-felt want. Edward S. Ellis, A.M., one of the few writers who can mould the hard facts of history into fascinating, interesting language, that never fails to attract the young reader, with the able assistance of Charles F. Horne, M.S., a practical educator, have furnished the descriptive matter. The charm of the language, while bearing out the title, "The Story," presents in compact form a vast fund of information of the industries, religions, politics, habits and customs of the peoples of the world, together with a complete record of the progress of civilization from the dawn of history to the Twentieth Century. It is worthy a place in any home.

JUDGE HENRY McGINN, who was recently elected State Senator in Portland, Ore., tells this story:

Two days after the last election, when the returns showed a very close race between McGinn and Dr. Harry Lane, two Irishmen met. One asked the other:

"How is it, Mike, that in so many votes it should be nick an' nick between Hiner an' Dock Lane?"

"Well, I'll tell ye," was the answer. "They're booth very onpopiler min, an' if ye knowed wan, ye'd be certain to vote fur th' other, an' booth av them are d——d well known."—*New York Tribune.*

HOTEL CHAMBERLIN, Old Point Comfort, Va.

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LIFE.



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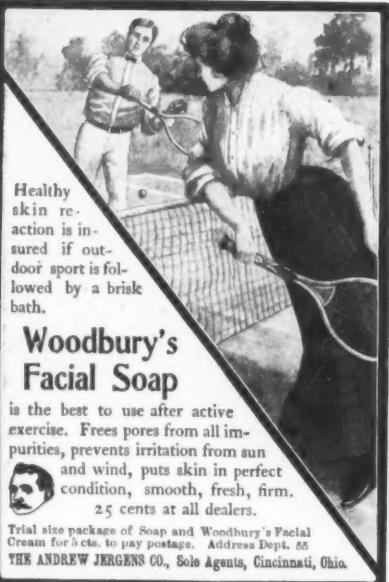
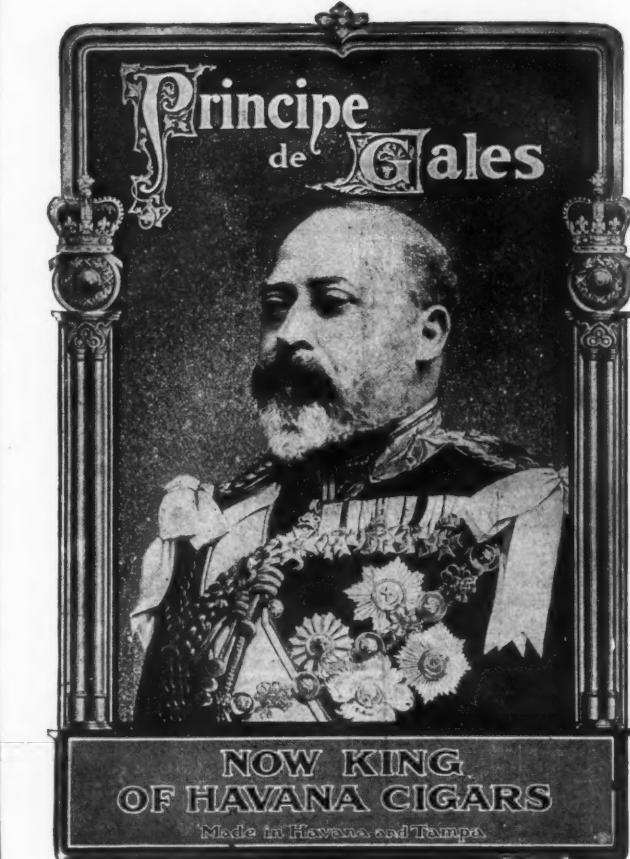
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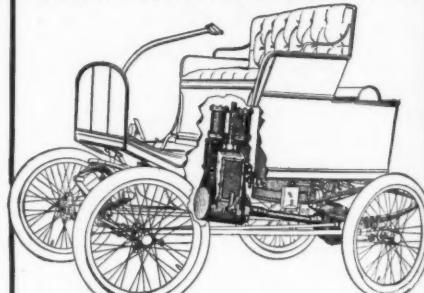
The Trombone (to Tom who has just been greeted on the face with a flower-pot): OH, OF COURSE IF YOU'RE GOING TO BLUB ABOUT A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT, THE SOONER YOU GIT 'OME THE BETTER.—Mooshine.



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